

Songs *and* Lyrics

TENNYSON

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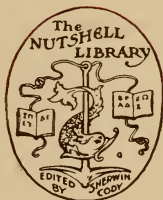


ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From a photograph

A **TENNYSON**

Songs and Lyrics



The Old
Press
New York

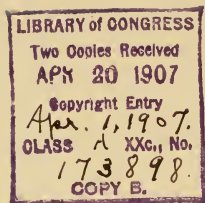


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CONTENTS

Tennyson, Life.....	7
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SONGS AND LYRICS.

Lilian	25
The Lady of Shalott.....	26
Mariana in the South.....	32
Lady Clara Vere De Vere.....	36
The May Queen.....	38
The Lotos-Eaters.....	48
The Goose.....	55
Morte D'Arthur.....	57
Ulysses	67
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.....	69
Locksley Hall.....	71
Break, Break, Break.....	85
Songs from "The Princess".....	86
Ring Out, Wild Bells—from "In Memoriam"...	91
Come into the Garden, Maud—from "Maud"....	93
Song of the Brook.....	96
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington...	98
The Charge of the Light Brigade	107
Northern Farmer; Old Style.....	109
Northern Farmer; New Style.....	114
The Higher Pantheism.....	119
'Flower in the Crannied Wall'.....	120
Rizpah	123
Crossing the Bar.....	127

TENNYSON

The greatest thing in poetry is the comfort it gives the human heart. It comes like a friend into the inner sanctuary of the soul, with its throbbing love, its calming philosophy, and its revelation of God and eternity. Nothing else can do this so completely as literature, and poetry, the highest form of literature.

Poetry is like music, and also like painting. Like music it rolls like the rolling of the waves, or murmurs like the wind among the trees, or rolls and murmurs and whispers all at the same time, like a beautiful summer's day when all the birds are singing and the sun is shining and the flowers are blooming, and the sky is blue, and the air is soft and warm. Like painting it reproduces the blue sky, the delicate green leaves, the long sweep of the waves, and the dew-drops on the grass in the morning sunlight.

Tennyson was the greatest modern master of the technique of music in words and beautiful pictures in words. Like Paderewski he learned to touch the keys of language and produce an infinite variety of pleasing, beautiful sounds; and beyond any painter he could with words weave exquisitely perfect and entrancing images and scenes, that were like a mosaic of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, reproducing violets, roses, long, lush ferns, stately trees, and still fairer women and heroic men.

BORN AN ARISTOCRAT.

Alfred Tennyson was the son of an English clergyman in moderate circumstances, born August 6, 1829. His was the eldest branch of a respectable family, but the money had been left away from it. A clergyman in England, holding a living given by a noble family, is usually an aristocrat, and Tennyson was an aristocrat to the backbone. He scorned money-making work, he disliked crowds and common people, and he was proud of his handsome figure and dark face, his Inverness cape, and broad-brimmed "wide-a-wake" hat. Among his valued friends were Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, and other members of the royal family; and in the end, after he had three times refused a baronetcy, he was made a baron and became a member of the House of Lords.

Burns was a natural poet, and sang love-songs because he loved and couldn't help it. Burns made little money from his verse, and soon died. Tennyson, on the other hand, was a professional poet, he deliberately chose poetry as his life work, learned to write poetry by hard study, never did anything that was wrong, or rude, or passionate, and in the end made a large fortune by his writing.

As a boy he had a natural talent for sonorous, rolling words, and he had a real genius for weaving beautiful images in words. Mrs. Bradley informs us he said to her, "The first poetry that moved me was my own at five years. When I was eight, I remember making a line I thought grander than Campbell, or Byron, or Scott. I rolled it out, it was

this: 'With slanderous sons of thunder rolled the flood'—great nonsense of course, but I thought it fine."

LITERARY FROM CHILDHOOD.

At twelve we find him writing a letter to his aunt, filled with a learned literary criticism on "Samson Agonistes." At the same age he says "Pope's Homer's Iliad became a favourite of mine and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre, nay even could improvise them. So could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular metre very skilfully."

When Alfred Tennyson was between fifteen and seventeen and his brother Charles a year older they wrote a number of poems which a bookseller in Louth, named Jackson, bought for twenty pounds (\$100) and published under the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." They were wonderfully musical and poetical for the work of such boys, but of course they lacked that "comfort to the heart" which causes a poem to be read and remembered in future years.

He went to Cambridge University, where in June, 1829, it was announced that he had won the prize medal for his poem in blank verse on "Timbuctoo." The next year Effingham Wilson, who published Browning's Paracelsus, brought out Tennyson's first regular volume, entitled "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In this volume were a few poems like "Mariana" which are still popular, but as compared with his later work it was very poor. With all his talents

he had to learn to write poetry. The same work, with some other good poems such as "The Miller's Daughter," "Palace of Art," and "Dream of Fair Women," was republished two years later. But these volumes were savagely attacked in one of the staid old British quarterlies, and on the whole made no more impression than the work of any minor poet. It was ten years before he published again; but in that time he had learned to write poetry, and the two volumes of 1842 established his reputation.

HIS FAMOUS FRIENDS.

Tennyson had several brothers and sisters, and at Cambridge he was a member of a little coterie of friends called "the Apostles," which was indeed a regular debating society. Among them were John Kemble, brother of Fanny Kemble the actress, James Spedding, Trench (afterward Archbishop), Alford (afterwards the famous Dean Alford), Milnes (later Lord Houghton). But his one intimate and deeply loved friend was Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the great historian Henry Hallam. Arthur Hallam became engaged to marry Tennyson's sister Emily, who had "eyes with depth on depths," and "a profile like that on a coin," "*testa Romana*," as an old Italian said of her. Hallam seems to have been an extremely brilliant young man, and his death at twenty-three not only broke the heart of the beautiful Emily, but caused Tennyson to write "In Memoriam," one of the four great elegies of English poetry.

Alfred had left Cambridge at the wish of his mother, and soon after he returned home his father died, in March, 1831. Each member of the family had his or her small portion, after the English custom, enough to support them together in a quiet and secluded way. Alfred's portion seems to have been a small farm at Grasby, and five hundred pounds (\$2,500) in cash. His first volume of poems had been published, and the next year he published the second. He felt that he was a poet, and he made up his mind to devote his life to literature. His friends would doubtless have liked him to be a clergyman, or to undertake at least some more practical kind of writing. With his small income of only a few hundred dollars a year he could never marry, and what was worse still, it seemed doubtful whether poetry could ever give him much social distinction or public honor.

HE CHOOSES POETRY AS A PROFESSION.

In a money-getting age, among a money-making people, it seems as if the only measure of success were money. Every young man looks forward to some sort of business or professional career, and we look on the stay-at-homes as milksops, the sentimental failures of life. Most of them are. But there is something decidedly nobler than making a comfortable income to which a well-educated man with good intellectual gifts may look forward. It is that of public service, of making the world happier, more human, even more divine,—for it is bringing the divine out of the recesses in which it is

too often buried in the average man and woman. When a milksop makes this an excuse for his idleness and inefficiency, he deserves our contempt. When a really gifted man thus deliberately chooses to ignore money and a "career," so called, he merits our highest admiration.

What is more, for ten years Tennyson did not seem to be trying very hard to work out his career as a poet. It may have seemed to some of his friends that he was wasting the best years of his life. Until 1837 he and his mother and sisters continued to live at the rectory where his father had died. Alfred went up to London now and then, and now and then he visited Cambridge. He made other unimportant journeys. He had few friends and sought no new ones. He contributed a poem now and then anonymously to some magazine, but for this he did not seem to care. It appeared to him rather a cheap way of getting before the public. He did make and cultivate the acquaintance of Carlyle, who though no admirer of poets in general, became a great admirer and warm personal friend of Tennyson.

His first volumes had been scornfully reviewed, but he determined that anything he published in the future should be treated with respect. In those years he says he "wreaked himself upon expression." While apparently idle, he worked continuously. He was making himself master of the technique of poetry. The death of Arthur Hallam, with its bitter and saddening effect on his sister Emily as well as upon himself, turned his thought inward,

upon his own soul, his religion, and the relation of God to the world. He began to write short poems upon this subject, one at a time. He kept them in a "butcher-like" book, and read them to his friends. They were known as his "elegies." Once he was careless enough to leave the book in a lodging house in London where he stopped for a time, and where in a closet a friend of his found it a fortnight after he left. The loss of it perhaps would not have mattered much, for he could usually remember all his poems. He lost the manuscript of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," and rewrote it all from memory.

Hallam Tennyson says, "My father's poems were generally based on some single phrase like 'Someone had blundered': and were rolled about, so to speak, in his head, before he wrote them down: hence they did not slip easily from his memory."

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Tennyson had his love affair, too. In 1830 the Sellwoods had driven over from Horncastle to Somersby Rectory to call, and Arthur Hallam, who was visiting them, had asked Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Fairy Wood. "At a turn of the path," writes Hallam Tennyson in his life of the poet, "they came upon my father, who, at sight of the slender beautiful girl of seventeen in her simple gray dress, moving 'like a light across those woodland ways,' suddenly said to her, 'Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?'"

Five years later Tennyson's brother Charles mar-

ried Emil Sellwood's youngest sister Louisa, and Emily was bridesmaid. She now seemed even lovelier, and of course after the marriage of Charles and Louisa, Emily and Alfred saw much more of each other. There was a quasi engagement to marry, but as Alfred had no prospect of getting money enough to support a wife, they ceased to correspond in 1840, and it was not until 1850, when Tennyson had an income of five hundred pounds (\$2,500) a year from his books that they came together again and were married, making an extremely happy and devoted couple. We can but reflect what a well-regulated love it was, however, that could be held calmly in abeyance for ten years, while his reputation and income grew sufficiently large for respectability.

In 1837 Tennyson moved with his mother from Somersby to Epping Forest, where they were nearer London. In 1840 they went to Tunbridge Wells, and the next year to Boxley, near Maidstone. The poet proved his practical good judgment in furnishing the house, for they say he "did not even forget the kitchen utensils: and that throughout the furniture was pretty and inexpensive."

LIFE IN LONDON.

Tennyson now went often to London where "a perfect dinner was a beefsteak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of porter, and afterwards a pipe (never a cigar). When joked with by his friends about his liking for cold salt beef and new potatoes he would answer humorously, 'All fine-natured men

know what is good to eat.' Very genial evenings they were, with plenty of anecdote and wit and 'thrust and parry of bright monostitch.'" He saw Carlyle, Rogers, "Barry Cornwall," Thackeray, Dickens, Forster, Savage Landor, Maclise the artist, Leigh Hunt, and Tom Campbell. Carlyle drew the following life-like portrait of Tennyson for Emerson in America:

"Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures (a not increasing number, I think) who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother!' However, I doubt he will not come (to see me); he often skips me in his brief visits to town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. * * He had his breeding at Cambridge, as if for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his mother and some sisters, to live unpromoted and write Poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. I think he must be forty, not much under it (he was really thirty-three). One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusky dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-

looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to."

Mrs. Carlyle describes him: "He is a very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gypsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming. Babbie never saw him, unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, for she must have fallen in love with him on the spot, unless she be made absolutely of ice; and then men of genius have never anything to keep wives upon."*

Thus in the ten years of silence Tennyson's reputation had been growing under ground. He did not become intimate with Carlyle till after 1842, since Carlyle was "naturally prejudiced against one whom every one was praising, and praising for a sort of poetry which he despised. But directly he saw and heard the Man, he knew there was a man to deal with and took pains to cultivate him; assiduously exhorting him to leave Verse and Rhyme and to apply his genius to Prose." (Thus speaks Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyam, and one of Tennyson's most intelligent friends.)

*"Tennyson is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs."

THE BOOK THAT MADE HIS REPUTATION.

In 1842 the long-delayed volumes appeared, with such notable poems as "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," "The Two Voices," "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," and "Break, Break, Break!" They were hailed by the reviewers as the work of a great poet, and Tennyson's reputation was established. His popularity also began.

In 1844 he became interested in a plan of a Dr. Allen to carve furniture by machinery, and sold his estate at Grasby, putting the proceeds and all his ready money into the undertaking. It proved a failure and for a time he was left almost destitute. His brother-in-law, however, insured Dr. Allen's life for a part of the debt, and in the next year Dr. Allen died. At the same time Tennyson was given a government pension of two hundred pounds a year. It was given by Robert Peel on the recommendation of Lord Houghton (Milnes) who was fond of relating this story:

"'Richard Milnes,' said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, 'when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?'

"'My dear Carlyle,' responded Milnes, 'the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get the pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job.'

"Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response. 'Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents: it is *you* that will be damned.'"

Bulwer Lytton attacked Tennyson because Peel put him on the pension list, and Tennyson answered with a satire in *Punch* entitled "The New Timon and the Poets"; but the two lived to be friends.

The fourth edition of the poems appeared in 1846, but it was not until 1847, five years after their first appearance that Tennyson came out with "The Princess," a sort of philosophic satire on the higher education of women. The wonderful songs which we now value most were not at first in it. They were inserted in the third edition, published three years later, 1850.

"The Princess" may have been an extremely interesting contribution to the discussion of the higher education of women in 1847, and in detail it is a beautifully wrought poem, but it is heavy reading to-day.

"In Memoriam," on which Tennyson had been at work for nearly twenty years, was finally published in 1850, and was doubtless the cause of his being appointed poet-laureate to succeed Wordsworth. It is an exquisite and finely wrought poem, and has comforted many a human heart, though its philosophy is neither very profound nor very original, and its succeeding lyrics have been described as "sounding corridors that lead to nowhere."

AN ASSURED INCOME FROM HIS POEMS.

"In Memoriam," was first privately printed, and Moxon, Tennyson's publisher, agreed to guarantee him five hundred pounds a year from his poems if this new book could be added to the list. This made it possible for Tennyson to marry. He and Emily Sellwood came together again, and were married. Moxon advanced three hundred pounds, and they were married on the thirteenth of June, the month in which "In Memoriam" was published. "The wedding was of the quietest (even the cake and the dresses arriving too late), which made my father say, to the amusement of those who were present, that it was 'the nicest wedding' he had ever been at. In after-life he said: 'The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her.'" She was a niece of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer, and a woman of unusual intellectual and social accomplishments. Says the son, "To her and to no one else he referred for a final criticism of his work before publishing." "It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humor, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow; and to her he wrote two of the most beautiful of his shorter lyrics.

"MAUD."

The first important poem Tennyson wrote after his marriage was "Maud." It is a series of beautiful love lyrics, culminating in "Come into the garden, Maud," and one cannot help feeling that it expressed the happiness of his relations with his wife, as in a more direct way "In Memoriam," expressed the melancholy sorrow for the loss of his friend Arthur Hallam. A poet never really tells the outward facts of his life in his work, and it is impossible for a biographer to gather any trustworthy facts from works of art. The tragic second part of Maud may be nothing more than a reflection of Tennyson's terror at the loss of his wife's love after he had won it,—perhaps the separation for ten years before their marriage. Or it may have nothing whatever to do with her at all.

As a matter of fact, Maud was written backward, the plan originating in a suggestion of Sir John Simeon that he weave a story about a little poem he published in *The Keepsake*, "O, that 'twere possible," now section IV of the second part of "Maud." The story that he wove is as tragic and pathetic as the story of "In Memoriam," and it is the most passionate treatment of love for a woman which we find in Tennyson.*

*Writes Aubrey de Vere, "It had struck him, in consequence, I think, of a suggestion made by Sir John Simeon, that, to render the poem fully intelligible, a preceding one was necessary. He wrote it; the second poem, too, required a predecessor; and thus the whole work was written, as it were, *backwards*."

"Up to the time of my father's death, when his friends asked him to read aloud from his own poetry, he generally chose 'Maud,' the 'Ode on the Duke of Wellington,' and 'Guinevere.'"—Hallam Tennyson.

With the money that "Maud" gave them, they bought Fairingford, in the Isle of Wight, where Tennyson lived the latter half of his life. The newly married couple had wandered about from place to place to find a home, and at last decided on this place largely because of a beautiful view of the blue English channel through a notch in the trees and cliffs. That view from one of the windows was a constant delight to them through all the years and we find many references to it.

Tennyson never gave up Fairingford, but he made another home at Aldworth, and he was created "Baron of Aldworth and Fairingford." He went from Fairingford to Aldworth usually about the first of July, and the fine air there effectually cured him of his summer hay-fever. Aubrey de Vere says, "Fairingford he never forsook, though he added another home to it; and assuredly no poet has ever before called two such residences his own." Bayard Taylor describes Fairingford as "a cheerful gray country mansion with a small thick-grassed park before it, a grove behind it, and beyond all, a deep shoulder of the chalk downs, a gap in which, at Freshwater, showed the dark blue horizon of the channel."

Children were born. The first died before it even breathed, but the second was Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson, and after him, came Lionel, who grew up and married and finally died of the jungle fever on his way home from India.

"From the first," writes Mrs. Tennyson, "Alfred watched Hallam with interest! Some of his acquaint-

ances would have smiled to see him racing up and down stairs and dandling the baby in his arms." When a name was being discussed for Hallam Tennyson some one suggested "Alfred," when the Poet exclaimed, "What if he should turn out a fool!"

After 1850 Tennyson's life was one of the most enviable that can be imagined. He was poet laureate and had a large and increasing income from his poems. He was happy in his home, and all the world delighted to honor him. The Brownings visited him and often wrote to him, especially Mrs. Browning. Gladstone was his friend and admirer. Queen Victoria had a profound and tender admiration for him.

The chief work of his years of fame was his "Idylls of the King," a subject he had long ago begun to study and interpret in his "Morte d'Arthur," "Launcelot and Guinevere," etc. He retold the stories with all the music and exquisite color of his poet's art. They were entertaining and ennobling romances, but they did not contain the profound allegory of life which some imagine they did.

Toward the end of his life he wrote several plays in which Henry Irving acted many times, especially "The Cup" and "Becket"; but it is generally admitted that Tennyson was not a dramatist. His talent was chiefly descriptive and sonorous.

Tennyson disliked popularity, yet he was one of the most popular of modern poets. He alone made a fortune from his work. Longfellow has probably been more widely read, but he was the poet of the people, and less money was paid for his books. As

Tennyson was the great aristocrat, he was the great democrat. Tennyson was a master of harmony and of imagery, comparable only to the great symphonies of Beethoven. Longfellow was a singer of simple and tender melodies. Tennyson is doubtless the greater poet, but Longfellow will be loved by millions more.

And Tennyson in turn must take his rank below Wordsworth and Shelley and Browning, the great original poets, who thought Tennyson's thoughts before he did himself, and, for the few, really penetrated life. Tennyson was not a thinker, except as he understood and interpreted the thoughts of his time, scientific as well as philosophic. For the mass of educated people he has been the interpreter of the greater poets, whose best thoughts he reproduced in language which they could love, with a musical movement and a richness of language which were all his own, and which I believe will make him immortal.

Tennyson died October 7, 1892, and was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

SHERWIN CODY.

SONGS AND LYRICS

LILIAN.

I

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

II

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughs dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

III

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
 Gaiety without eclipse
 Wearieth me, May Lillian;
 Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
 When from crimson-threaded lips
 Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
 Prythee weep, May Lilian!

IV

Praying all I can,
 If prayers will not hush thee,
 Airy Lilian,
 Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
 Fairy Lilian.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers ' 'T is the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy,
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot;

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror cracked from side to side ;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat

Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about her prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott.'

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

WITH one black shadow at its feet,
The house thro' all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.

But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

She, as her carol sadder grew,
 From brow and bosom slowly down
 Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
 Her streaming curls of deepest brown
 To left and right and made appear
 Still-lighted in a secret shrine
 Her melancholy eyes divine,
 The home of woe without a tear.
 And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan
 'Madonna, sad is night and morn,'
 And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

Till all the crimson changed, and past
 Into deep orange o'er the sea,
 Low on her knees herself she cast,
 Before Our Lady murmur'd she;
 Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace
 To help me of my weary load.'
 And on the liquid mirror glow'd
 The clear perfection of her face.
 'Is this the form,' she made her moan,
 'That won his praises night and morn?'
 And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone,
 I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.'

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
 Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
 But day increased from heat to heat,
 On stony drought and steaming salt;

Till now at noon she slept again,
And seem'd knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, "My spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream;
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke; the babble of the stream
Fell, and, without, the steady glare
Shrank one sick willow sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty-white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whisper'd, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten and die forlorn.'

And rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
For 'Love,' they said, 'must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth.'
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say
'But now thy beauty flows away,

So be alone for evermore.'

'O cruel heart,' she changed her tone,
'And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end, to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?'

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
'But thou shalt be alone no more.'
And flaming downward over all
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.
'The day to night,' she made her moan,
'The day to night, the night to morn,
And day and night I am left alone
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

At eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea;
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
And lean'd upon the balcony.
There all in spaces rosy-bright
Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,
And deepening thro' the silent spheres
Heaven over heaven rose the night.
And weeping then she made her moan,
'The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired;
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For, were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.

O, your sweet eyes, your low replies!
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall;
The guilt of blood is at your door;
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers;

The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
O, teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew;
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest mer-
riest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none
so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and
Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they
say,

So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never
wake,

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to
break;

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
garlands gay,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-
tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
yesterday,

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in
white,

And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of
light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they
say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never
be;

They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that
to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer
day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the
Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from
far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its
wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
swamps and hollows gray.
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the
meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and
still,

And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance
and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest mer-
riest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-
year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may me low i' the mould and think no
more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my
peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall
never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the
tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a
merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is
on the pane.
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on
high;
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook'll caw from the windy tall elm-
tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'll come back again with summer
o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of
mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the
hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the
world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow
cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bul-
rush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-
thorn shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you
when you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and pleas-
ant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive
me now;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere
I go;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be
wild;

You should not fret for me, mother, you have an-
other child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my rest-
ing-place;

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon
your face;

Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you
say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm
far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night
for evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of
the door,

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green.

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor.
Let her take 'em, they are hers; I shall never garden
more;

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush
that I set

About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me before the day
is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-
year,

So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of
the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the
year!

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the vio-
let's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the
 skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that
 cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
 that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long
 to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the
 blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will
 be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me
 words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silvery
 hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet
 me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver
 head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my
 bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all
 the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One
 will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that
 could be.

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died
for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and
morning meet;

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand
in mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels
call;

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark
was over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to
roll,

And in the wild March-morning I heard them call
my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie
dear;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer
here;

With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I
felt resign'd,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not
what was said;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all
my mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping! and I said, 'It's not for them,
it's mine.'

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for
a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the win-
dow-bars,

Then seem'd to go right up to heaven and die among
the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I
know

The blessed music went that way my soul will have
to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go today;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past
away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to
fret;

There's many a worthier than I, would make him
happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his
wife;

But all these things have ceased to be, with my de-
sire for life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a
glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I
know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his
light may shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this
day is done

The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the
sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls and
true—

And what is life, that we should moan? why make
we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—

And there to wait a little while 'till you and Effie
come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary
are at rest.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream,

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more';
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'—
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence—ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes ever-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?

Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath,
Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet—while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly—
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak,
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,

Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleam-
ing world;

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deep and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a dole-
ful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are
strong;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd
—down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
 dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
 shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
 and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
 more.

THE GOOSE.

I knew an old wife lean and poor,
 Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather.
He held a goose upon his arm,
 He utter'd rhyme and reason:
'Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
 It is a stormy season.'

She caught the white goose by the leg,
 A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
 With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
 And ran to tell her neighbors,
And bless'd herself and cursed herself,
 And rested from her labours;

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied,
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder;
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there,
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle;
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

'A quinsy choke thy cursed note!
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
'Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer.'

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat,
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning:
'So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning.'

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder.

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, 'The devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger!'

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonness about their lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsoldiers all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known,
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparked keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable against himself?

The king is sick and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all people, winning reverence:

But how much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke Sir Arthur, breathing heavily:
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me?
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from the lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if you spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great band
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;

But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere,
And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.

Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad my shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring in his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like the wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'

And to the barge they came. There those three
queens

Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his
hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted with points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like the Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawe
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light that long
Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell;
At which the parson, sent to sleep with sound,
And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we
Sat rapt: it was the tone with which he read—
Perhaps some modern touches here and there
Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—
Or else we loved the man, and prized his work;
I know not; but we sitting, as I said,
The cock crew loud, as at that time of year
The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn.
Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
'There now—that's nothing!' drew a little back
And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue.
And so to bed, where yet in sleep I seem'd
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point; till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to tell the truth and stir the day,
To me, methought, who waited with the crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried,

'Arthur is come again: he cannot die.'
 Then those that stood upon the hills behind
 Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair;
 And, further, inland, voices echoed—'Come
 With all good things, and war shall be no more.'
 At this a hundred bells began to peal,
 That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
 The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known,—cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,—
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me,—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the
 deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends.
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we
 are,—

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A FRAGMENT.

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
 With tears and smiles from heaven again
 The maiden Spring upon the plain
 Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

 In crystal vapour everywhere
 Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
 And far, in forest-deeps unseen,

The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song;
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong;
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong;
By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.
She seem'd a part of joyous Spring;
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set;
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid.
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
 The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
 Upon her perfect lips.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is
 early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon
 the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the cur-
 lews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over
 Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the
 sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.
Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
 to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the
 west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the
 mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,

Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on `all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the
truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets
to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and
a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the north-
ern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden
storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel
eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should
do me wrong;
Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I
have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, past in
music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring,
And her whisper throug'd my pulses with the fulness
of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the
stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of
the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine
no more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren,
barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs
have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrew-
ish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—
to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine!

Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-
pathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with
a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy; think not they are
glazed with wine.

Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him, take his hand
in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought;

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with
thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to under-
stand—

Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee
with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead
of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!— Hadst thou
less unworthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears
but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at
the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of
years should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of
the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I
knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd; sweetly did she speak
and move;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly; love is love for
evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth
the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy
heart be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is
on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art
staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers and the shadows
rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his
drunken sleep,
To thy window'd marriage-pillows, to the tears
that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by
the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing
of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness
on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy
rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender
voice will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy
trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival
brings thee rest.

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness
not his due.

Half is thine and half is his; it will be worthy of
the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she her
self was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-
contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should
I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by
despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets
overflow.
I have but an angry fancy; what is that which I
should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-
man's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds
are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier
page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before
the strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then,

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new;

That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me
left me dry,

Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with
the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are
out of joint.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from
point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping
nigher,

Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-
dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing pur-
pose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,

Tho' the deep heart of existence beat forever like
a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger
on the shore,

And the individual withers, and the world is more
and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears
a laden breast,

Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness
of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the
bugle-horn,

They to whom my foolish passion were a target for
their scorn.

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moulder'd string?

I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so
slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
 pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
 shallower brain.

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
 match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
 wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah,
 for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began
 to beat,

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-
 starr'd;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
 ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far
 away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the
 day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and
 happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots
 of Paradise

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
 flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the
 trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,

Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun
or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one
by one,

Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward
let us range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day;

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age,—for mine I knew not,—help me as
when life begun;

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the light-
nings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not
set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my
fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to
Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me
the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over
heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or
fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and
I go.

‘BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.’

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

SONGS FROM "THE PRINCESS."

1.

And thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears !
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

2.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father, will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

3.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

4.

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly glows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

5.

'O, Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell thee.

'O, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O, Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O, were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
 Delaying as the tender ash delays
 To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown;
 Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
 But in the North long since my nest is made.

'O, tell her, brief is life but love is long,
 And brief the sun of summer in the North,
 And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

'O, Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
 Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her
 mine,
 And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

6.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
 She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

7.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears; they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand;
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

'Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and roll'd

With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

8.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the
shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd;

I strove against the stream and all in vain;

Let the great river take me to the main.

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

CVI

Ring out, wild bells,, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out of the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

FROM "MAUD."

I

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

III

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

IV

I said to the lily, 'There is but one,
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play.'
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;

Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

VI

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;

The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

X

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dear; *my dove, my dear,*
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till at last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation ;

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation ;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those be wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,

Let the long, long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,

And let the mournful martial music blow ;

The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

Remembering all his greatness in the past.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet

With lifted hand the gazer in the street,

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute !

Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,

The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v

All is over and done.
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds.

Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame,
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI

'Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?'—
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thus by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O, give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,

Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden, jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew,
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught such things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,

Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet,
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers,
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control!
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings!
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all

He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her star;
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outreden

All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
O peace, it is a day of pain

For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;

He is gone who seem'd so great.—
 Gone, but nothing can bereave him,
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him,
 God accept him, Christ receive him!

1852.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 'Forward the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!' he said.
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward the Light Brigade!'
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air ,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

I

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere
aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy, Doctor's
abeän and agoän;
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle, but I beänt a
fool;
Git ma my aäle, fur I beant a-gawin' to breäk my
rule.

II

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's naw-
ways true;

Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a
do.

I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere.
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty
year.

III

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' ere o' my bed.
'The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you¹ to 'issén, my
friend,' a said,

An' a tow'd ma sins, an' 's toithe were due, an' I gied
it in hond;

I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to
larn.

But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an'
choorch an' staäte,

An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver again the raäte.

V

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally
wur deäd,

An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock²
ower my 'eäd,

An' I niver know'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad
summut to saäy,

An' I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said, an' I
coom'd awaäy.

1—ou as in *hour*.

2—Cockchafer.

VI

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun under-
stond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

VII

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it eäsy an'
freeä:
'The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,'
says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in
'aäste;
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd
Thurnaby waäste.

VIII

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was
not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysén;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,¹ fur I 'eärd 'um about an'
about,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an'
rembled 'um out.

IX

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is
faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies' afoor I coom'd to the
plaäce.

1—Bittern.

2—Anemones.

Noäks or Thimbleby—toäner³ 'ed shot 'um as deäð
as a naäil.

Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my
aäle.

X

Dubbut looök at the waäste; theer warn't not feeäð
for a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it
now—

Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o'
feeäð,

Fourscoor⁴ yows upon it, an' some on it down i'
seeäð.⁵

XI

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it
at fall,

Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it
an' all,

If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,—
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squire's, an' lond
o' my oän.

XII

Do Godamoighty know what a 's doin' a—tääkin' o'
meä?

I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;

An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear, a' dear!

And I 'a managed for Squire coom Michaelmas
thutty year.

3—One or other.

4—ou as in *hour*.

5—Clover.

XIII

A mowt 'a taän owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o'
sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins—a niver mended a
fence;
But Godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma
now,
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to
plow!

XIV

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a
passin' boy,
Says to thessén, naw doubt, 'What a man a bea
sewer-loyl'
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin' fust a
coom'd to the 'All;
I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty
boy hall.

XV

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a
to wroite,
For whoä 's to 'lowd the lond ater meä thot mud-
dles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä thot a weänt niver give it to
Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the
stoäns.

XVI

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is
kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälts wi' the divil's
oän teäm.

Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is
sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to
see it.

XVII

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the
aäle?
Doctor's a toättler, lass, an a 's hallus i' the owd
taäle;
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor
nor a floy;
Git ma my aäle, I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun
doy.

NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

I

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters
awaäy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em
saäy.
Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass
for thy pains;
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs, nor in all thy
brains.

II

Woā—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's
parson's ouse—

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a man
or a mouse?

Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty to
weeäk.¹

Proputty, proputty—woä then, woä—let ma 'ear
mysén speäk.

III

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o'
thee;

Thou 's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a-tellin'
it me.

Thou 'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo'
parson's lass—

Noä—thou 'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on us
thinks tha an ass.

IV

Seeä'd her to-daäy goä by—Saäint's-daäy—they was
ringing the bells.

She's a beauty, thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o'
gells,

Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the
flower as blows.

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty
graws.

V

Do'ant be stunt;² taäke time. I knows what maäkes
tha sa mad.

Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur
a lad?

1—This week.

2—Obstinate.

But I know'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as tow'd ma
this :

'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny
is !'

VI

An' I went wheer munny war ; an' thy muther coom
to 'and,

Wi' lots of munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty—I niver giv it a thowt—
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass
as 'ant nowt?

VII

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when
'e 's deäd,

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle² her
breäd.

Why? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver get
hissén clear,

An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd
to the shere.

VIII

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity
debt,

Stook to his taaïl they did an' 'e ant got shut o'
'em yet.

An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend
'im a shove,

Woorse nor a far-welter'd³ yowe; fur, Sammy, 'e
married fur luvv.

²—Earn.

³—Or, fow-welter'd,—said of a sheep lying on its back in
the furrow.

IX

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er
munny too,
Maäkin' 'em goä together, as they've good right to do.
Couldn I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny
laaïd by?
Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor for it;
reäson why.

X

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the
lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn; an' we boäth on us
thinks tha an ass.
Woä then, proputty, wiltha?—an ass as near as mays
nowt¹—
Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as fell as
owt.²

XI

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o'
the fence!
Gentlemen burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shil-
lins an' pence?
Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an,' Sammy, I'm
blest
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's
the best.

XII

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an'
steäls,

1—Makes nothing.

2—The flies are as fierce as anything.

Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their
regular meäls.

Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's
to be 'ad.

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp
is bad.

XIII

Them or thir feythurs, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy
lot,

Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny
was got.

Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästways 'is munny was
'id.

But 'e tued an' moil'd issén deäd, an' 'e died a good
un, 'e did.

XIV

Looök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out
by the 'ill!

Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the
mill;

An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll live to
see;

And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the land to
thee.

XV

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I meäns to
stick;

But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leäve the land to
Dick.—

Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy—that's what I 'ears
 'im saäy—
 Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy—canter an' canter
 awaäy.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and
 the plains,—
 Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who
 reigns?

Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which He
 seems?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not
 live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and
 limb,
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from
 Him?

Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why,
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel
 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest
 thy doom,
 Making Him broken gleams and a stifled splendour
 and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with
 Spirit can meet—
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
 and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His
voice.

Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent
in a pool;

‘FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.’

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

RIZPAH.

17—

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and
sea—

And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out
to me!'

Why should he call me to-night, when he knows
that I cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and the full
moon stares at the snow.

II

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us
out of the town.

The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing
over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by
the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself
drenched with the rain.

III

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to
fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones,
I have hidden them all.
What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come
as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls
so must it lie.

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what
have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a
word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their
spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to
darken my eyes.

V.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you*
know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost
and the fright?

I have done it, while you were asleep—you were
only made for the day.

I have gather'd my baby together—and now you
may go your way.

VI

Nay—for it's kind of you, madam, to sit by an old
dying wife.

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour
of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out
to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has
told me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he
was but a child—

'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was al-
ways so wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never
could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would
have been one of his best.

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they
never would let him be good;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he
swore that he would;

And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when
all was done

He flung it among his fellows—'I'll none of it,' said
my son.

VIII

I came into court to the judge and the lawyers. I
told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him
for robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had al-
ways borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't
that enough shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let us hide! but they set
him so high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him,
passing by.
God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible
fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him
and hang'd him there.

IX

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my
last good-bye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. 'O mother!'
I heard him cry.
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something
further to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced
me away.

X

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy
that was dead,

They seized me and shut me up; they fasten'd me
down on my bed.
'Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the dark to me
year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that
I couldn't but hear;
And then at the last they found I had grown so
stupid and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had
worked their will.

XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone
was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you
call it a theft?—
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones
that had laughed and had cried—
Theirs? O, no! they are mine—not theirs—they had
moved in my side.

XII

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd
'em, I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the
churchyard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of
judgment 'ill sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in
holy ground.

XIII

They would scratch him up—they would hang him
again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O, yes, we are sinners, I know—let all that
be,

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's goodwill
toward men—

'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'—let me
hear it again;

'Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.' Yes,
O, yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour
lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst
of the worst,

And the first may be last—I have heard it in church
—and the last may be first.

Suffering—O, long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must
know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind and the
shower and the snow.

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never
repented his sin.

How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you*
of his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the
downs began,

The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that
'ill moan like a man?

xv

Election, Election, and Reprobation—it's all very well.

But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in hell.

For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,

And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy,
I know not where.

xvi

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire—

Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?

I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—

You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.

xvii

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—

The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—

Willy—the moon's in a cloud—— Good-night. I am going. He calls.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

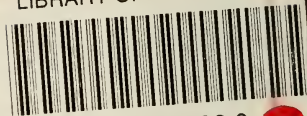
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